Volume LXXIX CHICAGO, May 24, 1917 Number 13

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

THE INTERNATIONAL FLAG!

A new flag, a true flag,
Not just for you and me,
A flag for all the nations,
A flag for land and sea!

A white flag, a red flag—
The white, for peace to be;
The red, the warm and throbbing heart
Of all humanity.

A white flag, a red flag,
Its gold stars shall be three:
Equality and Justice,
And true Democracy.

A fair flag, a rare flag,
Symbol of man set free,
United peoples of the earth,
And creedless Deity!

Then wave flag, dear brave flag,
For Heaven and earth to see,
O Peace flag, O World flag,
We pledge our faith to Thee!

MAIDEE B. RENSHAW

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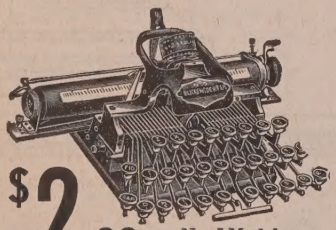

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN".

VOL. LXXIX THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1917. NUMBER 13.

MY COUNTRY.

(*To Melita. L. M.* 6 1.)

I sing of thee, my native land,
In strength and beauty thou dost stand,
The pilgrims' hope, the patriots' pride,
For thee they wrought; for thee they died.
I sing the land that gave me birth,
"The last, best hope of all the earth!"

I sing thy fair and broad domain,
Thy valleys rich with golden grain,
Thy mighty rivers' quickening tide,
Thy lofty hills that treasure hide;
I sing thy cities' wealth and power,—
Our favored nation's precious dower.

I sing thy faith and large increase
In knowledge, virtue, justice, peace;
Thy gates swung open wide and free
In welcome to humanity.
I sing thy trust in man and right,
In reason's power and freedom's might.

I sing, O God! thy bounteous hand
Which still hath kept my native land,
Whose mercies o'er all peoples poured,
By all invoked, by all adored,—
O may its blessing ever rest
Upon the land I love the best!

May, 1917. —*Charles W. Wendte.*

We print on page 199 a communication entitled "From Behind the Barred Gates," by a "Conscientious Objector," written some time in January last. The name of the writer is known to the Editor but for obvious reasons it is best not to give it at least just now, but we can assure our readers on the best authority that the writer is a Quaker lady, active in philanthropy and of fine old democratic lineage. UNITY is glad to print it because it has been rejected by journals of wider circulation, and of more fame and power in the religious world.

We are glad to have Brother Fisher promptly rise to correct our overstatement. Perhaps we are both guilty of the journalistic temptation of overstating in order to make sure of a statement.

THE FORUM MOVEMENT. I seldom rise to explain or to protest. Life is too short and the passing word of any man not important enough.

I am amused, however, to find myself accused of being "More than a little distressed over the Forum movement." This because I offered a few suggestions pro and con about a Forum conducted by Rev. Fred A. Moore. I am not in the least distressed. I am immensely interested in watching it go.

I repeat the very words I used about Mr. Moore's Forum. "I hope that he will be given every possible aid to try it out."

L. B. FISHER.

Ryder House, 5733 *Kenwood Ave., May* 14, 1917.

And now it is a "Forestry Regiment" that is to be organized. It is to be made up of practical woodsmen, loggers, sawmill men, lumber-jacks, carpenters as well as the motor cycle and motor truck operators. Thus the military is slowly but surely merging into the industrial and pacific methods of civilization. Perhaps the labor-saving devices of the artisan will unconsciously become the life-saving instrumentalities used with a skill that will be ashamed to kill. This regiment is to be organized by the Department devoted to the conservation of trees. Why not give some thought and time to the conservation of men, particularly the conservation of the morals of men, the highest function of society, the noblest fruit of civilization.

Was it so very bad in the Rev. E. I. Weise of Bridgeport, Conn., when he said before a meeting of five hundred Methodist ministers, held in Brooklyn, "I do not want to lose my soul, but if I choose between my country and my God I have made up my mind to choose God. I am an American but a Christian first." Newspapers report that the conference was threatened with an uproar and cries of "Sit down!" "Shame on you!" "Traitor!" etc., were heard. Bishop Wilson, to his credit be it said, while condemning the remarks, insisted that the speaker be allowed to proceed, but the protest seems to have silenced the Methodist minister who made religion as he understood it, a more imperative thing than American patriotism, as interpreted by the war believers. We fear this is a case of more of the emotionalism for which Methodism is noted than of clear thinking or rational devoutness in which Methodist ministers, like all other clergymen, are often short.

Only eight of the twenty pages of the April number of the *Japanese Peace Movement* is in English. The remaining twelve pages are in the bewitching but mystic text of the Japanese, but the English of it gives assuring evidence that the brethren of the Cherry Blossom realm are alive to the latest phases of the war problem. A native declares "The world has not yet got to the place where nations fight simply for justice. Justice alone would not cause war. If so the United States would have plunged into the chaos long ago for the sake of Belgium. * * The present war has nothing to do with religion or politics; it is caused by the different interests of each country. The fundamental cause is the conflict of economic inter-

ests." Under the head of "Japanese Women and Peace" we learn that the last part of the character which represents the Chinese word for Peace is composed of a woman under a roof, inferring that there is peace when the women stay at home. This woman writer thinks that "there cannot be a real peace until the women do their share in bringing it about."

The readers of UNITY who will remember the stirring appeal on behalf of the Seminole Indians, entitled "Our Belgium," from the pen of W. C. Gannett in UNITY of March 29, will be delighted to know that such protests were not in vain and that the article attracted considerable attention in Florida, and was greatly appreciated by the friends of the Seminoles. But they will be more delighted to know that the effort to ameliorate the conditions has culminated in a decisive success as the following extract from a letter to Mr. Gannett will show:

My Dear Mr. Gannett:

You will be pleased to learn that our Seminole bill was unanimously passed by both branches of the Florida legislature, and it was promptly signed by Governor Catts. By this act the Indians are given a reservation of approximately one hundred thousand acres. Governor Catts said it gave him more pleasure to sign our bill than any other measure that had come before him.

* * * * *

The Speaker of the House, Mr. Hardee, stated that he never knew a measure that attracted so much attention outside the State as the Seminole bill. Letters and petitions urging its passage came from all parts of the United States.

Sincerely yours,

M. K. SNIFFEN,

Secretary Indian Rights Association.

The Agricultural Experiment Station of the University of Wisconsin has put forth a most unique Bulletin No. 278, January, 1917. It is a study of "The Country Church as an Economic and Social Force," by C. J. Galpin. Mr. Galpin is a man who has every reason to speak on the subject. He has had a ministerial experience and several years of intensive research work among the country communities as a professor of the University of Wisconsin. This pamphlet of forty-eight pages is attractive in form, illuminated with pictures of country churches, schools and colleges. But the most unique feature is "The Life Story of John Frederick Oberlin," the inspiring French pastor of country people, a "social service worker" before the term was invented, a forerunner of Arnold Toynbee, Jane Addams and their colleagues. This story has been compiled by the consent of the author from the longer story as told by A. F. Beard, published by the Pilgrim Press and obtainable for fifty cents. This leaflet should go into every rural home in America, and the longer story by Mr. Beard should be found on the study table of every minister who is called to preside over rural or village churches. A State University is necessarily non-sectarian and religious subjects are justly taboo, but here is a social study quite in line with state university work. It is a pan-sectarian study of the well-being of rural communities, a contribution to social pedagogy, a timely help to nobler well-being.

No one can rejoice more in the hopeful by-products, even of this most regrettable and to our minds unjustifiable militarizing of our nation, than UNITY. The recent declaration of the President in favor of a "dry" nation during the war is certainly a most significant step towards that dryness that will be perpetual, as more imperative in times of peace than in times of war, for if alcoholic stimulant as a beverage is ever necessary it must be when both the spiritual and physical energies meet their maximum tests of endurance on the march and on the battle field. The Committee of Sixty of which Professor Irving Fisher of Yale University is Chairman, is putting forth much valuable material in the way of campaign documents. Professor Fisher represents the Economic Department of his university and these bulletins are written from the standpoint of deliberate science, cold economics and physiological considerations. This Committee urges war time prohibition for "Three big reasons," viz., *food, efficiency* and *health*. By cutting out the liquor this organization, which includes such men as Dr. Eliot, Bishop Lawrence, and Professor Ross, declares there would be a saving of eleven million loaves of bread a day. Dr. Allen Rogers of the American Chemical Society offers a leaflet entitled "Alcohol's Part in the War." Another sheet contains a list of the "Nation's First Citizens Plan to Check Waste of Foodstuff." Editors, manufacturers, bankers of national fame are enlisted. Major Carter of the United States Army has a leaflet entitled "Modern War and Prohibition," in which he says:

After many years observation of the effects of drink upon our soldiers, it is the unhesitating opinion of the writer that the proceeds of governmental taxation of stills and breweries is, to say the least, no compensation for the misspent lives and stunted brains of those who are addicted to drunkenness. If it requires war time prohibition to insure an absolutely sober and dependable army we should have it, and the sooner the better.

Another leaflet tells "How Prohibition Affects Europe." Russia has put the ban on vodka and the English indulge only at meals. The office of this most modern and useful of Committees devoted to public welfare is 505 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Send for this most effective campaign material in the interest of sobriety.

Those who bring sunshine to the life of others cannot keep it from themselves. *J. M. Barrie.*

The Grand Army of the Republic

Yes, it was a "Grand Army," and with the return of Memorial Day the remnants of that army, hobbling, bent and broken though they be, may well muster in pride. They may well salute with increasing fervor the flag for which they fought, under which they have lived and which they have enhaloed with the ideals of democracy and brotherhood.

Heroism is always appealing, the spectacular demonstrations of the same are always conquering. The "G. A. R." now stands in some poor halting way for a Republic never realized, and a flag never fully appreciated. It stands for a brotherhood of suffering, a comradeship of hunger, womanly tenderness on battle lines and motherly watchfulness by hospital cots, aye, by fever smitten patients, unsheltered by tents and unrested by beds however humble.

The present writer holds his place without apology and without blushes in the lines of the "G. A. R." He does not begrudge the three eventful, youthful years of his life spent on the firing line as a private in the ranks. His campaigns reached from trench to hospital and led through nine or more battle fields, many skirmishes and numberless bivouacs.

He believes the service rendered by that army did make for liberty and advanced somewhat the cause of democracy. But he believes now as always that it was the *very very wrong way of doing the right thing* and that there was a better way even then available, the only obstacles in the pursuit of which were the passions of men on both sides, the eager enthusiasm tinctured with hate and selfishness on both sides.

Once the Editor of UNITY enjoyed the hospitality of South Carolina's "Grand Old Man," the venerable Dr. Carlyle, who for fifty years and more was the honored head of Buford College at Spartansburg, S. C. In the guest chamber where the splendid old octogenarian led us, was a large facsimile reproduction of the South Carolina Articles of Secession, containing several hundred signatures, signed four months before Lincoln's inauguration. The trembling finger of the old man sought and found his own signature in the midst of the long list.

"Would you do it again?" was asked.

"No—no, we were young then and hot headed. We thought we were right but it need not have been. I would not do it again!"

This is the verdict of history as it is the reassuring testimony of religion in the light of history. Those who rallied round the flag underestimated the tremendous momentum that was bearing North and South away from slavery and would do the work peaceably if time was given. They forgot that the stars in their courses were fighting the battle of liberty. And the South forgot to take note of their own tendencies, to voice their own interests in freedom. No Confederacy could have held chattel slavery much longer in its grip. The war precipitated with violence and bloodshed an emancipation that was inevitable. It came to Russia without the shedding of blood, and might have come, nay, must have come to America in the fullness of time. But bringing it by bloodshed brought also not only the awful agonies to human hearts, the desecration of firesides and the devastations of all the sanctities of home and church, but it brought an entanglement of hatred, of physical recklessness, shattered ideals and debauched and poisoned individual lives.

The "G. A. R." that remains represents the survivors of a fiery ordeal, the dross is burned away. A small percentage of the gold remains. The drunkenness and debauchery, the profanity and vulgarity, the flippancy and brutality incident to all wars, experienced on both sides, have been left behind. What has survived is allied to the permanent.

The thing done was worth the cost but it was the wrong way of doing it, and there is a high mission still left in the hands of the "Old Boys" in helping the unsophisticated to discriminate between the ideal "martial spirit" and the actual degradation and tortures of the camp. They know what war is. They have reached the brotherhood that overreaches the trenches, the faith that proclaims freedom and fraternity "above the battle."

A correspondent, voicing the curiosity of many, wonders when and why and how the Editor of UNITY changed his opinions on the subject of war. Should such an one skim the pages of "An Artilleryman's Diary" published by the Wisconsin Historical Society, he might be surprised, as the writer himself is surprised, to find how the hurried records of a Private of the Sixth Wisconsin Battery are shot through and through with the convictions which have grown into more clearness in the columns of UNITY fifty years after. There has been no "change," only a growing clearness. He not only hated war then but was the most unwarlike of soldiers, one who never owned a pistol or handled a gun and to this day has never pulled the trigger on any weapon smaller than a cannon.

In the enthusiasms of '61 to '65 most of the boys went "to save the Union," to defend the "honor of the flag." The present writer was one boy who said, "Boys, you may save the Union, I go to free the slave! I care for the flag only in so far as it stands for the brotherhood and freedom of every brother man of whatever race, creed or color!"

All wars are born out of the prejudices and the hatreds that handle humanity in blocks and bound nations with geographical limitations.

War comes from one further fallacy, the assump-

tion that spiritual good can be secured by physical violence, that souls of individuals or of nations can be redeemed by force. This is the fatal fallacy, as it seems to us, that leads devout men to invoke divine blessing on those who go forth to kill "in the name of the Lord." It is not enough to prove that the German government is bad, that Prussianism is a menace to democracy, to justify the awful mobilization that assumes that this is the only way to safeguard the world. President and Congress have distinguished with great labor between the German government and the German people, but it is the German people that we are preparing to slaughter. What David Starr Jordan calls the "great fool-killer" is seeing to the destruction of the Hohenzollerns. The Kaiser may successfully evade American guns, but he cannot dodge the artillery of heaven; the Almighty is after him and will get him never fear!

A beloved Bishop who declares that in his own defence he would not lift a hand, has said that he would prefer being shot to shooting, but that when he thinks of the two little boys, his beloved grandchildren, he would shoot to defend them. Commendable! but the United States, Democracy or whatever he would defend are more than two little boys, and the enemy that menaces the freedom and life of his boys, is not in German trenches, and he is the last man to wrong his own dear grandchildren by rendering countless other little boys orphans, or starve them for the sake of his own "little boys." Another learned teacher of philosophy and trainer of preachers confesses a love for Germany as for his little boy, but the "little boy was naughty the other day and had to be spanked"; Germany is naughty, ergo needs spanking. But Germany is not a little boy but a thousand little boys with mothers and fathers thrown in. And what is more to the point, Germany is not *his* little boy to punish. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay saith the Lord."

We are opposed to what seems to us a fatal reaction, a collapse into medievalism, not because we approve of Germany but because we disapprove of war *in toto*. And the tuition of fifty years ago submitted to in camp and on battle field teaches us to believe that there is a better way of doing it, and that the best fruits of war are but apples of Sodom with a glitter and glamor to the eye but ashes in the mouths of individuals and of nations.

We honor our old Comrades, dead and alive, and in their names protest against the perpetuation of the wrong methods of doing right things. The flowers we lay on the graves of the brave boys next week are offerings upon the altars of peace, symbols of a brotherhood marred but not destroyed by battle noises.

Must St. John the Beloved Disciple, after the terrible disappointment on Calvary, go hunting around for the sword which Peter threw away in order to save and promulgate the gospel of the Blessed Master? Are we foolish enough to accept the protection of the valiant Peter in this high emergency when humanity cries in vain for the *Christlike* method to save it—not from a cross perchance, but from a hatred that crucifies the spirit of the Christ.

JEANETTE RANKIN.

She whispered "No." Was whisper e'er so loud,
So swiftly caught by half a deafened world?
Was ever sound so vast, so wonderful,
Or word so filled with precious prophecy?

In all the spacious theatre of time,
Is there an act, a scene, to rival this?
Unto the loftiest forum of the land
Comes Mars, unsated still his monstrous maw,
Fresh fodder to demand. The hideous god
Leers down on age-long, impotent compliance.
After the treason of the centuries
Enter a woman: the first of all her sex
To break into these cold, expedient walls.
Weak and alone, a babe, a very babe,
She sits amongst these wise and prudent men.
O valiant pioneer! Unloose thy voice,
Answer this blood-drenched god, this reeking Mars.

Echo divine from Heaven's mysterious peace,
She whispers "No. I cannot vote for war."
O kindred hearts in every land of earth,
Rejoice with me! What triumph have we here!
What conquest of the conqueror is ours!
The leering god is dumb with fear, in Hell
The laughter of the fiends is turned to rage.

Weak and alone, this woman from the west,
Withstood the strident hour's revengeful breath;
Steadfast her woman's soul, though pagan priests
To flaming Molochs point their famished flocks,
And preach the bankrupt creed of crime for crime,
And wrong for wrong. And doctors in the schools,
Full-gowned, sow furiously the seeds of hate,
While doddering greybeards bless the far-off fray.

The years have sped and little children learn
About the word this fearless woman spoke:
A favorite daughter now, joined to the throng
Who in the darkened day beheld the gleam.
The vision spreads. The still small voice prevails
O'er warlike hearts. The falsity of force
Is bared by love's warm beams, and thus alone
The race farewells the tiger and the ape.

A. Vernon Thomas.

JUDGMENT.

I will remember in these evil days
  That not on man alone the burden lies
  To find an answer to the moans that rise
From haggard slopes where Death, demented, strays.
I will remember amid bleak dismays
  That there are Eyes beside these human eyes;
  Beyond these impulses and agonies,
This dust upflung, the mute and lidless Gaze.

I will remember God, and fear no more.
  But sweep the littered chambers of my soul
    And bid my stricken comrade, Hope, revive;
And wait with him beside the open door,
  Until in their due time, with seal and scroll,
    The circuit judges of the Lord arrive.

The Outlook. —*Herman Hagedorn.*

From Behind the Barred Gates

(See Editorial Note.)

In the long history of the nations there come periods when great storms are permitted, and even perhaps required, to clear away the accumulations of evils, the ancient shibboleths, the weeds, that have rooted themselves in the soil. This is where old Europe has landed today, and it requires a hurricane to tear up these weeds.

Many of us have been wondering if out of the ashes of the burning past any new life will arise. Today we no longer wonder, this life is growing up and it has come to remain amongst us.

The visitor from another land might wander through our crowded hospitals, and look into the sad faces of the thousands of men returning from the war, and even hear them talk (if they dare to do so) of the "Hell" they have been in, and the sights they have had to witness of friends and companions whose heads have been blown off beside them, or who have been turned into atoms in a moment of time. The past they only want to forget, and the future they can not face. In those sad faces we can see no hope of the future for any of the destroyed civilizations. If you wish to know that Europe is not quite dead, you must go into the rooms where the gatherings of the no-conscription fellowship meet. All over England and Scotland you will find an organization that can only have been equalled in the times of the greatest need in the history of the nations. It recalls your own struggle in the days of your fight against slavery, and goes back still further to the struggles of the early Christians. Ours is only one of many centers, but fortnight by fortnight our men and women meet, and as one by one leave for barracks, and prison, some one else quietly steps in to fill their places. As men come in from prison, before their second, or third sentence, their spirits have become stronger, and their minds clearer, and so the life of the whole company grows. Listen to those men straight from the prison cell singing, "When wilt thou save the people" with a verve and spirit which belongs only to times of conflict and a clear vision of what you are fighting for. Then hear the reports which come in from week to week from those who are suffering for conscience sake. Here is one:

"I am convinced that 'stone walls do not a prison make' so long as one remains in possession of the power to reflect and think, and conserve, or diffuse spiritual enthusiasm; one cannot be a prisoner except in the narrowest sense. It is such a comfort to see how spirit can triumph over matter, how all through history the attempt to kill the spirit has failed. And so it must fail at all times and forever, if we can but keep a stiff upper lip and take a long view, and the long view is the thing that matters most to our boys, for without it the ordinary mortal, under depressed circumstances, might fail to realize the beautiful side of life that is, and the wonderful vision of the life to come."

Letter from another guard room: "There has not been a sign of harsh treatment, thanks to the boys who came before us. They undoubtedly broke down the barriers, and won the first big fight for our noble cause. It makes me feel ashamed, as one of those who have followed on, to enjoy what they so bravely fought for. It is the feeling that we are doing right in the sight of God, that gives that spirit of endurance. There were about thirty soldiers in the rooms and after a few questions we got into conversation with a few of them. There was not one voice of opposition to our views, in fact they were supported—everyone was wishing for peace."

There is a humorous side to this work for some of the Court Martials of conscientious objectors would cause great amusement if they were acted in a play. I will describe one at which I was present. We "the public" are admitted by law, but if it is possible to keep us out the military try to do so. You enter a long room where three officers are sitting at a table. They try to look, and to act, as much like the Prussians as possible, for, strange to say, in spite of the civilian bitterness now against Germany, the aim of our militarists seems to be to copy the Prussian as nearly as they can in details. The first conscientious objector is brought in with a guard of five men around him. He is a small, delicate-looking man in civilian clothes, and the absurdity of the guard and the needless cost at once strikes "the public." One of the young men of the guard is evidently new at his task, and does not hold his hands exactly at the right angle, so that twice over, during the ceremony, the fat sergeant comes up behind, on tip-toe, prods him with a stick at the back, and whispers in a loud voice where the hands are to be placed. The officers are paid for the work, and do not mind how many cases they have, or how slow they are (once the court was cleared for them to have a drink and smoke), and each detail is gone over in each case as to when, and where, the C. O. refused to put on Khaki, and to be medically examined. The reading of your own statement is allowed at a Court Martial, and this is the only good of the whole event, for the verdict is foreordained (six months, or two years' hard labor in prison). It is well worth all the time and trouble, to hear the voices of the C. O.'s reading in rooms where militarism reigns, words like these which will one day bring hope, and help, to broken-hearted Europe:

"I believe all war—however noble the aim, to be both un-christian and immoral. I understand the life and teaching of Jesus to mean implicit faith in God and unalterable love of man. I cannot reconcile this with Dreadnoughts, and high explosives. The non-combatant sections of the army are designed to assist the prosecution of war. In them, therefore, I should be equally engaged in warfare. . . I should feel even civil alternatives to be a bargaining, and compromise of conscience. . . I must continue to try and serve my country by working for the welfare and liberties of my fellow-citizens, and for the peace among the nations. To give up that service which is the highest I know . . . would be disloyal to my country and my God."

Just imagine two years' hard labor for such a crime, and nothing but the crime! The "public" can only recall far off and very similar scenes, which historians preserved for us; Luther before the Tribunal at Worms, Christ before Pontius Pilate.

Wormwood Scrubbs prison, near London, where we have 500 men, is now called the spiritual headquarters of our no-conscription fellowship, and here you

will find many of the men who will one day lead this country to better things. Our great leader, Clifford Allen, is there and the roll of honor for the men is to be in a cell somewhere near his cell. They sorely grudge this experience for his fragile body, but when opportunity allows he never fails with words of cheer to the men who are now being molded into the great army of reform.

The stories that come to us from the camps give, perhaps, the finest testimony to what our C. O.'s are and what they are doing. In the barracks there were some very naughty boys who had been stealing and the question of how to deal with them arose. "Send them to the C. O.'s," said the Colonel, "and let them talk to them." Could any greater testimony have been given to the power of the spirit over material things? Our men were coming out of a prison one morning, and were met by their friends. A warder who walked beside them, and had seen much of them in prison, said to one of the friends, "If I had a hundred sons I should like them all to be like these men."

A strangely new form of social life is growing up in this new world. We invite our friends to meet so and so, just out of Wormwood Scrubbs, or Wandsworth prison, or Dyce, or Pentonville, as the greatest treat we can give them. The heavy censorship between us and you is largely, we fear, to prevent all these facts getting known to you for fear that you may realize in time, not only the strong peace party growing up here, but what "preparedness" means in its final results; the rapid deterioration of a whole country, and the mad futility of both militarism and navalism.

A Conscientious Objector.

THE DAWN IN RUSSIA.

(Easter, 1917.)

Russia! thine hour has come! too long hast thou,
Bound by the grave clothes of despotic power,
Like Lazarus, lain entombed; the while thy sons,
Thy patient, sorrowing sons, still vainly strove,
Oft' at the cost of banishment and life,
To rouse thee from thy sleep, e're lethargy
Changed to the darkness of decay and death.
Still did they watch and toil, and still did'st thou
Sleep on, though dreams and troubled tossings showed
The soul yet lived within that giant frame,
And always hope revived, through the long night.

. . . . . .

At last the vigil ends! the morning breaks!
Thy faithful children who have mourned for thee,
And have loved only Freedom more than thee,
Throw off their chains, know their full strength at last,
And with one mighty voice they cry aloud:
"Russia! Come forth! the night is past! Behold!
The Sun is rising on thine Easter Day!"

. . . . . .

May thy new Freedom, anchored deep in right,
'Mid tottering thrones and nations derelict,
The one glad promise in a darkened world,
Stand firm 'gainst faction's waves—a beacon bright,
Pointing the groping peoples to the light!

—*Florence Edgar Hobson.*

Let us no more contend, nor blame
Each other, blam'd enough elsewhere, but arrive
In offices of love, how we may lighten
Each other's burden in our hour of woe.

—*Milton.*

THE PULPIT

The First Table of the Law Brought Down to Date

The Conditions and Evidence of the Devout Life

II.

Devout Speaking

Sermon Preached January 14, 1917, in Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones

"Thou shalt have none other gods before me."

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON

Thou who occupiest immensity, who fillest eternity, yet art present in the contrite heart and moving in the humble spirit, Thy majesty is revealed to us day by day, the glory of the heavens breaks upon us, the radiance of Thy sun and the revelation of the snowflake alike speak to us of the littleness of life and the majesty of spirit, the brevity of our years and the eternities of our hopes. Quicken us, strengthen us, sweeten us, chasten us, Thou Spirit of all Good, Source of all life. Amen.

Thou shalt not take the name of Jehovah thy God in vain; for Jehovah will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

So readeth the commandment in the twentieth chapter of Exodus.

Again, ye have heard that it was said to them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths: but I say unto you, Swear not at all; neither by the heaven, for it is the throne of God; nor by the earth, for it is the footstool of his feet; nor by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, for thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your speech be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: and whatsoever is more than these is of the evil one.

Thus readeth the enlargement of the commandment in Exodus as found in the words of Jesus recorded in the Sermon on the Mount.

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." As generally counted, this is the third commandment, but logically it is the second, for the one usually considered the second, forbidding the making of any graven image, belongs with the clause in the first commandment, which we discussed last Sunday.

At its minimum this is a text forbidding swearing, a rebuke to "swear words," but this narrow interpretation is false both to the letter and to the spirit. It is a plea for dignity of speech, sincerity of utterance, and the attitude of the reverent mind. Of course the "name" referred to is not necessarily spelled with three letters in the English dictionary. It is not a matter of words, but this apparently most superficial and least distinctive of the ten commandments is deeply rooted in the nature of the Jew, is fundamental to the spiritual interpretation of the Bible. This text reaches into the profundities, it rebukes the superficialities, it makes flippant speech and cynical utterance a crime. And this is true to the entire genius of the Bible. From cover to cover, whatever else it may fail in, it is a dignified book. It takes life seriously. However we may interpret its message it is a solemn message. It is rooted in quaint, archaic sanctities and quite as much in modern profundities.

The Jewish child is taught by the Rabbis never to place foot on a scrap of paper for fear, perchance, that on that paper might be written the name of the Eternal, and he be found unwittingly guilty of irreverence.

In the Jewish ritual to this day, even in the most progressive and reformed of synagogues, the name of names is never pronounced. When it occurs in the scripture reading, the less sacred synonym is always used in its place. "Adonai," *says* the Rabbi in his ritual. "Yahveh" reads the text before his eyes.

Our word Jehovah is curiously compounded of the consonants of one word and the vowel-points of another. Putting these together, we have our three-syllable "Jehovah." In the solemn sanctity of the elder Jew, the sacred word, if enunciated by daring human lips, would either strike helpless the irreverent spirit into nothingness, or, for the time being, clothe it with marvelous power.

The tradition goes that in the elder ritual of the Jewish Church, once in the year and once only, at the holy Feast of the Atonement, the High Priest was allowed to mention the most sacred of names. You remember what splendid use the master poet, Browning, has made of this legend of the Rabbis in his Abt Vogler. Tradition has it that when Solomon unexpectedly found himself the host of the royal Queen of Sheba and was unable to offer such entertainment as befitted her rank, he dared in this extremity to pronounce the most sacred of names. The poet put into the mouth of the great musician, who has just builded with his keys the stately mansion of melody, the exclamation:

Would that the structure brave, the manifold music I build,
Bidding my organ obey, calling its keys to their work,
Claiming each slave of the sound, at a touch, as when Solomon willed
Armies of angels that soar, legions of demons that lurk,
Man, brute, reptile, fly,—alien of end and of aim,
Adverse, each from the other heaven-high, hell-deep removed,—
Should rush into sight at once as he named the ineffable Name,
And pile him a palace straight, to pleasure the princess he loved!

Our Quaker friends seizing upon the original text of this commandment as enlarged by Jesus, gave it a fixed interpretation and they refuse to swear in courts of justice, to take an oath in any presence other than the divine.

Thus we are promptly lifted from the technicalities of dogma and of formalism into the very essence of the spiritual life by the most formal of all the commandments.

That is profanity which utters high words without attaching to them their true significance. I wonder if one of the many reasons for the empty seats in our fashionable churches does not lie in the fact that there is an element in the soul that recoils from the flippant use of sacred words, from empty formulas for great realities.

As an example: In the Litany of the great Anglican Church, which rightly claims to be the daughter of the Mother Church of all of us, four times in every Sunday service the minister confesses to being a miserable sinner, and the people in chorus confess the same also four times. They further ask to be delivered "from all evil and mischief, from the crafts and assaults of the Devil, from everlasting damnation, from the passion of hate, from pride." Every Sunday they pray this, and forthwith go home to hate. "From pride, vain-glory and hypocrisy, from envy, hatred and malice and all uncharitableness, from all the deceits of the world, the flesh and the devil, from lightning and tempest, from plague, pestilence and famine; from battle and murder and from sudden death," and a lot of other things, they pray to be delivered. No wonder that in the presence of such irreverence the soul distrusts the sincerity of the service.

Every Sunday also they declare a belief, in which they are joined by an increasing number in many orthodox churches, in the so-called Apostles' Creed, of which the apostles are unquestionably innocent. In repeating this creed they say that the crucified Master "descended into Hell and on the third day rose from the dead and ascended into Heaven." I am not here to discuss the truth of the creed. I am here to say that he who says it and does not believe it one little bit is guilty of violating one of the canons of the devout life. On Easter Sunday, or during the Lenten season, they declare the faith that is necessary to salvation, which faith is:

> That we worship one God in Trinity and Trinity in Untiy. . . The Father incomprehensible, the Son incomprehensible and the Holy Ghost incomprehensible. The Father eternal, the Son eternal and the Holy Ghost eternal—and yet they are not three eternals but one Eternal.

The same worshippers declare:

> The Son of God is God and Man. Perfect God and perfect man: of a reasonable soul and of human flesh subsisting; equal to the Father, as touching his Godhead: and inferior to the Father as touching his manhood. One altogether; not by confusion of Substance: but by unity of person.

This again may be true philosophy and may be true theology, and is true religion to the soul that can speak it with the accent of intelligence and conviction, but to one who mouths such phrases in conformity to a sacred custom and sacrifices his judgment to the beauty of a choral service, is guilty of a solemn violation of the sanctities of life.

But let me not give a distorted interpretation of this searching commandment by drawing my illustrations only from the rituals of a section or sections of the church itself.

It is not only the enlargement of culture which recognizes the irreverence of perjury, but this sin is so definite that it becomes well-defined in the statutes of all modern nations. But the irreverence of insincerity, the irreverence of ridicule, and the scoffing spirit that are so destructive to the sanctities of life, are, I fear, the daily habit of many of us, a habit which robs us of power and peace. Let me remind you again of the searching statement of Goethe that reverence is always an acquirement of culture and never the gift of birth. What then can be expected of the child whose parents indulge in ridicule and sarcasm, cheapen the sanctities of the altar and the fireside with flippancy and joke in the presence of the most solemn sanctities of life? Whatever may be said for and against the lofty custom of the home altar, as interpreted by experience, this thing remains true that the child who has never heard his father speak solemn words of aspiration, who has never witnessed the bowed head at the family board, who has never heard the mother's voice reading from

the sacred page, has something profound to contend with, some obstacle to overcome in the life of the spirit, for by example more than by precept are the feet of the little ones led into ways devout. The soul that is untouched with a sense of the sanctity of life misses some of the sweetest and safest moorings of morality.

I plead, then, for that interpretation of the text that gives dignity to speech, that teaches us to use words which may carry the soul a little way at least into the vestibule of the Temple of the Unutterable, for it is in the power of human speech to lead us into the conscious presence of the eternal silences.

There is a profanity that debauches high words to low uses; that soils with insincerity the sanctities of the spiritual life. "O Liberty, how many crimes are perpetrated in thy name," said the French orator. How many crimes are today pepetrated in the names of justice, charity, reform and peace. When armed hosts out for murder invoke the benedictions of the God of love, professing to follow the leadership of the Prince of Peace, they are found grossly violating this commandment and making irreverence a national virtue.

Profanity is not always a matter of individual speech. Governments and their legislators, city councils, boards and committees not only disobey the canons of good speech and the requirements of the dictionary, but they violate the sanctities of life when they foster the baser elements of human nature and magnify passion in the name of law, order and virtue.

In the opinion of many of us the Board of Education of this city was last week guilty of profanation when they ordered military training in our high schools, dedicated to learning, when they bargained for a supply of guns with bayonets and cartridges, and planned to put our democratic youths, during the tender years of their unformed lives, into uniforms, in the name of "physical discipline," of "patriotic citizenship" and a properly protected "democracy." And the fact that this program cannot be long continued or effectively maintained does not lessen the profanity.

In this free America the individuality and serenity of our youths should not be menaced in the name of culture. "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." Free judgment in the pursuit of ideals is profaned by uniforms. War is contrary to democracy, is an indignity to the sanctity that should ever adorn its temples. It is unjustified by our past history, unwarranted by our present strength, and unneeded in our future destiny. If we are only true to our traditions, willing to let good enough alone, and seek to enlarge the glory of a history already glorious, moving ever on toward international federation, an organized world, we must separate our boys from the gun, which is an extension of the brute, a glorification by science of the fang and the claw. This profanation of American ideals, this hardening of American youths is excusable on the part of the School Board because they themselves are victims of the war hysteria, of the clamor of business, a prejudiced and brutal press.

So long as the School Board does not touch the academic freedom in the classroom, so long as Emerson and Ruskin and Tolstoy are made accessible to our high school students, so long as our teachers are trained in universities, and are left free to teach the history of the upward climb of man, the slow but sure retirement of the sword, the forgetfulness that settles down over the Napoleons and the deathlessness that enshrines the prophets of peace and the messengers of love, our country is safe. As long as these things remain, the cheap "discipline" and the shallow "drill" on the campus they will be denatured by the higher discipline of the mind indoors. The ununiformed girls and boys, who will gladly be brought together as members of a pacific guild, will take the honors, will outrank the embryonic fighters though unmobilized, because they will abide in the temple of the Most High, consciously in league with the Eternal, touched into silence in the presence of the sanctities of life.

The saddest violation of the commandment under consideration this morning, is the clothing of inferior motives and methods with the dignity of superior aims and ambitions. The ballot and not the bullet; the book and not the cartridge box, is the true symbol of the American schoolboy. To fail to see this is profanity, and to divert first class enthusiasms into second class activities is profanation. This, in the twentieth century of the Christian era, is taking "the name of the Lord thy God in vain."

"If you would realize God," says Emerson, "multiply the synonyms." In the Rosary of Mohammedanism there are ninety and nine beads, each bead representing a different name for Allah; the Holy One, the "Merciful," the "Faithful," the "Provider," the "Gracious One," the "All Compassionate," the "Loving," the "Near Friend," the "All Praiseworthy," the "Light," the "Patient One," are some of the synonyms for Allah, and he who uses any one of these synonyms flippantly, irreverently or inappropriately, profanes the sanctities of Allah.

Edwin Arnold in his "Pearls of Faith" has taken each one of these ninety-nine different names for the Holy One and hung upon each bead in the Rosary of the Moslem faith a parable or a story taken from the rich lore of Arabia. Under the name of The Holy One he says:

Iblis—'tis written—when
He heareth among men
The name of "Allah" spoken, shrinks and flies;
But at the sound of this,
Uttered in realms of bliss,
The Djins and Angels, in their ranks, arise.

And what believer dares
Begin his morning prayers
Without "wuzu'h"—th' ablution? who is seen
His Koran to rehearse
But hath in mind its verse,
"Let none me touch, save such as are made clean?"

Lo! if with streams or sands
Ye lave the earnest hands
Lifted in prayer; and if ye wash the mouth
Which reads the sacred scroll,
Dare ye with sullied soul
Meditate this dread word, that shrines the truth?

Of Allah's purity?
Bethink! His great eyes see
The hearts of men into their inmost core!
Make clean your hearts within;
Cast forth each inmost sin;
Then with bowed brows, say this name, and adore.

Forgive, Thou Pure One! Whom we bless—
Of our good deeds the sinfulness.

But we have not yet reached the final reading of this most artificial and ceremonial of the commandments. "Words! words! words!" said the sick Prince,

but words represent the primal revelation to man. When life passed over into speech it passed over the high bridge that forever separates the brute from the human. Give to the dog the power of utterance and how soon would he climb most completely into human companionship

Words are the primitive and primal revelation, and he who uses them flippantly debauches and degrades himself. He who denudes them of their potency is found guilty of the fundamental outrage. Hence I bemoan the slaughter of, not the King's but the President's English in our daily speech. I regret the impiety of the habitual joker, the infidelity of him who constantly uses language to render life in terms of flippancy. This is perhaps the most ominous and significant sign of a degeneracy in the so-called academic life of today. Those who gather in our colleges during the formative years of their lives are supposed to be engaged in acquiring skill in the handling of words, the rarest tools ever invented by man. But when they drop into a vocabulary that is almost unintelligible to the reader of books, when they cannot even reach the door of the classroom,—I do not know how they are allowed to get along inside,—without a string of words no dictionary sanctions, I can but wonder if they are not blunting rather than sharpening the tools for life's effective work.

I am interested in dialects. It has interesting local color, it is often homely wit, the unconscious reflection of people's lives. But slang is not growing language but perverted language, slang indicates speech in its degeneracy, and if persisted in renders the slave thereto incapable of appreciating the highest triumphs of the mind expressed in speech. To those addicted to the slang habit, this Bible is a silent volume. To the slang-dulled brain, Shakespeare is dull and Milton is a bore. To such, he who finds nourishment in Browning is suspected of cant, is the object of ridicule. There is in these days a college bred relish that lays aside Emerson for the parables of George Ade.

In pleading for the sanctity of words I turn again to history. The poor, persecuted and hunted Jew survives. He has climbed into the council chambers of all the modern powers, he occupies the seat of leadership in the classroom and on the campus. Explain it how you will, but I am disposed to find one root of his power in the fact that the Jew is committed to seriousness, both by the gruesome hand of fate and by the inspirations of the scriptures. He faces life seriously, and his duties are interpreted in terms of profundity.

I know not, and no one can know, how deep this text, with its elaboration in tradition, legend and ritual, and superstition, if you choose, lies at the root of Jewish thought. But it lifts at least one word above the flippant tongue, compels at least the adoration inexpressible in one word. The Jew is what he is by virtue of his serious mindedness. However he may debauch the English and the German, however degenerate the Yiddish may be as a language, there will always be for the Jew the classic Hebrew, made more precious by the suffering of his people, illumined by the triumph as well as guided by the saintliness of its demands and exactions.

I plead for the sanctity of life as expressed in speech. I plead for that interpretation of life in dignified terms, and in so doing I simply act on what all the schools affect. Says the teacher, "He who acquires a new language, acquires a new soul." Heaven forfend that we should miss the soul in the one language that our mothers gave us.

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." And that name is not only spelled with three letters, but is implied in all the holy synonyms that Emerson suggests. He who speaks flippantly of love, and who mouths for low purposes the words justice and charity, and who would reduce even the great God-word "peace" to terms of brute force, is guilty of the profanation condemned by our text.

Touched, may it be, with a new sense of the sanctity of life, may we go forth, O Father, to so speak the beauty of the world, to so utter the love of the human heart that we may realize the comradeship and companionship that bind each to each and all to Thee forevermore. Amen.

What Germans Are Thinking

It is often asked by Americans whether there does not exist in the Germany of today a larger sentiment for freedom, fairmindedness, humanity and world-brotherhood than the bombastic, defiant utterances, and reckless, inhuman deeds of its autocratic and military rulers would seem to imply. So completely are the newspapers and other organs of public opinion overawed and muzzled, with but few exceptions; so unwilling is the great mass of the German people in this national crisis to allow any appearance of a divided sentiment to weaken its cause at home or abroad, and so dangerous to the individual is any open expression of dissent or disapproval, that it is extremely difficult to ascertain the existing state of the German mind. This difficulty is increased since the suspension of mails between this country and Germany. No letters or newspapers are now received directly from the central nations. Almost the only source of information remaining is through neutral channels like Switzerland, Holland and Denmark.

Availing himself of such opportunities, the writer has translated certain excerpts from the report of a late session of the Prussian House of Representatives which appears in the socialistic organ *Vorwaerts* of Berlin. It exhibits a remarkable frankness and freedom of debate, such as is not generally attributed to German, and particularly to Prussian, assemblies. It also discloses an existing frame of mind on the subject of the war which is highly encouraging to those who still retain their faith in the essential worth of the German people, and the possibility of free, democratic institutions among them after the war, if not sooner. But such institutions to be lasting must not be imposed upon them from without. They must be the outcome of their own bitter experiences and enlarged vision and the reassertion of their moral and spiritual ideals. For the present the championship of these ideals is committed to the socialistic element, which has the least to lose and the most to gain by a speedy peace, and which represents so large a portion of the German people. But it is not confined to them, and is constantly increasing in strength among all classes of the nation, as will presently appear.

Representative Hoffman of the Social-Labor party, speaking in the Prussian Legislature on a proposal to increase the hours devoted in the public schools to religious instruction, said: "The introduction of re-

ligious instruction in the higher public schools is not in harmony with the constitution. The 'religious waves' arising from the war are shattered by the facts. What has become of the religious life? The terrible happenings which the world drama unrolls before our eyes destroy the last vestige of faith in God. The religion of love for one's neighbor has long since suffered shipwreck. Battlefields and religion cannot be reconciled. The best assurance against future wars is the right education of youth. A large saving might be made in the salaries of ecclesiastics. Withdrawal from the state church is frequently looked upon as a crime, as treason against the government, and punished by dismissal from service. The church is looked upon as an institution to suppress every hostile opposition. The state-paid Christianity has never yet lifted up its voice against the horrors and bestialities of war. Such a Christianity is rotten at the core, a mere shadow, without content. The war has not only brought about the bankruptcy of the Christian church, but also that of the international Social-democracy. Its official representatives have proved ineffective. They have capitulated to their opponents and embraced their most deadly enemies. The church has taken no stand against the orgy of hate which has flooded the world. Who can hereafter take seriously the doctrine of brotherly love? The church is a church of the rich and mighty. The church has become the handmaid of the national insanity for conquest. We shall reject every appropriation for a church which neglects to take a stand for humanity, for justice and for peace. The protest against all the cruelties of the war, against the shameless U-boat campaign, they have left to the muzzled Social-democracy, which they desire to silence altogether in this chamber."

The vice-president of the chamber, Dr. Krause, here interrupted the speaker, "It is not permissible to speak of a shameless U-boat campaign. When the Fatherland, in such a strait, seizes upon this means, it is base to designate it as shameless!"

Representative Hoffman continued: "I am of a different opinion. No necessity excuses the killing of the defenceless or the murder of prisoners. This is obligatory on all alike, no matter if it is a question of French snipers or any others. The war reminds one of the saying that man alone among animals has reason, but uses it to become more brutal than a brute. We Socialists of the old school protest strongly against the declaration that necessity knows no law. The world is not to be deceived; in the long run not even one's own people. The time is not far distant when, in the schools, the whole truth will be taught the people. Have a care lest the red tide of the blood of the millions so ruthlessly slaughtered does not some day break in torrents over your heads."

In a lame, ineffective reply, a Nationalist deputy, Dr. von Campe, declared: "In this crisis a man (der Mensch) does not rank higher than the German. I put far from me the thought to be called, in the same sense as our enemies, a human being. I am proud that I am a German, and not merely a man."

Another Socialist speaker, Haenisch, called the attention of the chamber to the fact that since Islamic officers in this war have been in command of German Christian troops, and Jews and non-conformists have been faithful in the performance of their military duties, the contention thus far upheld that only a good Christian could be a good soldier was no longer to be entertained. The refusal, therefore, to permit non-conformists and Jews to become officers in the German army was no longer tenable. "While a non-conformist, I recognize the great historic and cultural values of the influence Christianity has for centuries exerted upon civilization, despite the deep shadows that rest upon its career. But I earnestly warn you not to mix war and Christianity with each other. This can never yield a harmony, but only a dissonance. You cannot imagine what enormous harm has been done by this—to be sure, since modified, but even if misunderstood yet widely spread—utterance of Pastor Philippi, that the war had not lasted nearly long enough. The printed treatise of Army Chaplain Schettler: 'In God's name, through!' has done equal harm. Such writings are not religious, but in my view a direct blasphemy toward God. War is no 'element of the divine world order.' It is an altogether human, or better still, inhuman invention. The more I am convinced that this war is being waged for the bare existence of the German people; that since all our endeavors to bring about peace are futile, we have no other recourse than to fight it through to the end, the more I beg of you to leave the good God out of the business. Let the clergymen, where it is desired, extend help and comfort to the individual, but let us once for all abstain from the frenzied attempt to reinterpret the Savior of love as a God of hate and revenge. . . . I agree entirely with the noteworthy appeal made some time since by eminent pedagogists like William Forster, Paul Natorp, Bruno Wille, Heinrich Wolgast and Gustav Wynecken, warning us, in the name of a well-considered patriotism, not to sow in the children's souls at school national hatreds of any kind. . . . I am not endorsing any soft-hearted, non-resistant pacifism, or any confused cosmopolitanism, when I protest against the systematic education of children in enduring hatred of our enemies. Largely conceived social reforms, far-reaching health legislation, and basic reform of the schools, these three things must create in the new Germany a single great unity, upon which the new and free Germany, and also the new and free Prussia, will rebuild themselves, and this will come to pass despite all opposition and reaction."

These extracts, despite extremes of opinion, serve to show what bold, freedom-loving words are spoken in the Prussian Diet today. May they bear fruit in times near at hand in the reconstruction of Germany, and her readmission into the brotherhood of nations.

Charles W. Wendte, D.D.

From the Boston Herald, May 18, 1917.

ORCHARD

I stood within an orchard during rain
Uncovering to the drops my aching brow:
O joyous fancy, to imagine now
I slip, with trees and clouds, the social chain,
Alone with nature, naught to lose or gain
Nor even to become; no, just to be
A moment's personal essence, wholly free
From needs that mold the heart to forms of pain.
Arise, I cried, and celebrate the hour!
Acclaim serener gladness; if it fail,
New courage, nobler vision, will survive
That I have known my kinship to the flower,
My brotherhood with rain, and in this vale
Have been a moment's friend to all alive.

—*Horace Holley.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of Christianity into Universal Religion

A Biographical Study from Erasmus to Luther

Being the Seventh Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as Given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to His Classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

XVI.

William Ellery Channing 1780-1842

"The sense of duty is the greatest gift of God."
—William Ellery Channing.

It is a fitting and beautiful coincident that our lesson this morning is concerned with a man in whose study the first peace society was organized, William Ellery Channing, coming as it does when we have just read in our morning papers the utterance of President Wilson, suggesting a World Concert to keep peace, perhaps the greatest utterance since the Declaration of Independence.

The story of William Ellery Channing is one of the most charming in American biography. His father was a prosperous, old-fashioned lawyer in Newport, R. I. His mother was an Ellery and an Ellery was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. William was third in a family of nine children, the second son. Always a quiet, reserved boy of a sensitive nature, he was sometimes called by his playmates, "William the Silent," or "The Little Minister." He never learned to swim although he lived on the sea coast and loved it, and while he was perfectly healthy in his boyhood, he admitted that it was the least happy period of his life. He was partly prepared for college by an uncle, William Channing, and entered at fourteen or fifteen, which then did not necessitate the elaboration of preparation as now. While at college, from which he graduated at eighteen, his father died, making it necessary that he should help his mother. He accepted a position as tutor in the family of David Meade Randolph, an old-fashioned slave owner in Richmond, Va., and for two years this young college graduate, spending all his spare time in reading for the ministry, lived in some kind of a back room with no heat, and hoping to harden himself, went insufficiently clothed. His clothes were too shabby for him to appear at the functions held in the "big house," and his life was a lonely one. This strenuous life and exposure left him two legacies. One that shadowed his life was an impaired constitution, and lungs that were always a menace, while the other was a deep seated, profound hatred for slavery, based on first hand observation and direct contact.

In 1803, at twenty-three, he was ordained to the ministry. He had two calls, one to the elegant, fashionable First Church of Boston, over which Emerson presided later and Emerson's father before that. The second call which he accepted from a conviction that he could do more good there, was the Federal Street Society, located in a more populous and less fashionable and less cultured territory. He persuaded his mother that she was very necessary to his comfort and succeeded in inducing her to break the ties at Newport and move into Boston to become his homemaker. The home was an inconvenient one, leading him to share his room with a baby brother and for economy's sake, making the kitchen his study.

In 1814 he married his counsin Ruth Gibbs, and fortunately for himself and for us, chose not only a fitting helpmeet but a woman with a bank account. From then on, he knew not financial anxiety and entered upon a most wonderful ministry, a ministry of thought and of conscience. He was suspected of preaching over the heads of his people and was accused of delivering terribly long sermons. The most famous one is said to have taken two and a quarter hours to deliver. Chadwick, his most entertaining biographer, speaks of him as always being "subject ridden." When he faced a subject it was with such thoroughness and exhaustive application that his production became a classic.

Throughout his ministry Channing was always an invalid and his friends had to snatch him every once in a while and sneak him off, now to southern France, again to the West Indies, or some sheltered nook in America. But he lived to be sixty-two years old by virtue of the patient endurance of pain, a wise shepherding on the part of his friends and a spirit that was indomitable.

His writings have been collected in a very good one-dollar volume, the older edition being six volumes bound in three. His deliveries on peace, temperance, economics and slavery have become standard literature. Our friend, Edwin D. Mead, one of the martyrs of this war, now completely broken in health, in 1903 edited Channing's "Discourses on War," writing a valuable introduction of sixty pages, published by the Ginn Foundation, of which he was secretary. The chapter titles are a challenge: War and Human Brotherhood, The Passion for Dominion, National Destiny, National Character, etc.

The Peace Society of Massachusetts was organized in Channing's parsonage, and of all his personal tributes, that to its secretary, the Rev. Noah Worcester, pre-eminently the peace advocate of his time, has the accent of the most profound admiration.

Channing's stand on the temperance question is indicated in his correspondence with the Rev. John Pierpont, who took a radical position to the offense of his distilling pew-holders and who was finally ousted. Channing wrote him:

> Should this struggle result in ten or a dozen of your most effective opponents withdrawing from your church, Holly Street pulpit will stand the highest in the city.

Channing was early interested in Communism, watched the Brook Farm experiment with interest, but was especially identified with Dr. Tuckerman's "Ministry at Large," a work in which all the churches of Boston could join, a sort of settlement work.

The story of his connection with the slavery movement is characteristic. Abolition was of course distrusted socially, hated all over the North, to an extent difficult for us to realize now, perhaps paralleled to some extent in the feeling toward socialism and anti-militarism. One of the saints of the ministry was Samuel J. May, a young radical who ventured

to call on Channing and had the audacity to say that the young men felt they ought to have his support and that they felt it was time for him to declare himself. His audacity was quite crushed when after a silence Channing said, very quetly, "I acknowledge the justice of your reproof; I have been silent too long," and forthwith there came a great leading lecture on slavery. He was in the war against slavery from then on.

The martyrdom of Lovejoy at Alton, when the abolition press was thrown into the Mississippi River, was a tremendous challenge. An indignation meeting was planned for Boston, but the authorities refused the use of Faneuil Hall, whereupon Channing, then a man of power, a recognized oracle, went into politics and brought such influence to bear that compelled the mayor to permit the meeting. To the surprise of everybody and the consternation of many, Channing not only attended but sat on the platform. After Channing had spoken an attorney-general made a fiery opposition speech which threatened to turn the meeting, when a pale young man from the back of the hall came forward and literally turned the house upside down. The young man was Wendell Phillips.

An interesting character in Boston life was Charles Follen, a German, self isolated on account of his democratic sympathies which enlisted him in the war against slavery. When he died Channing's church was asked for a memorial service and refused by the trustees. Channing was meek but no one dictated his speech, and in his next Sunday's sermon he had his innings and the deacons wilted in the pews.

On his last journey in search of health he stopped at Lenox, where on the eighth anniversary of the West Indian Emancipation, using that event as a subject, he gave his last great speech. Proceeding on his journey he was obliged to stop at Bennington, Vt., where he died on October 2nd, 1842.

Up to 1819 Channing was still a pastor of a Puritan Congregational Church. The Unitarian leaven was working vigorously but as yet there had been no declaration made on the part of the Unitarians. Someone wrote a history of religious thought in which it was shown how the New England pulpit was eaten through and through with the Unitarian heresy and tendencies. Kings Chapel (Episcopal) had revived the use of the prayer book, eliminating Trinitarian passages. Channing felt the challenge to make a declaration, which he did in the famous Baltimore sermon preached at the ordination of Jered Sparks. Chadwick speaks of that sermon as the strongest Channing ever delivered on distinctly Unitarian lines, and from that date American Unitarianism starts. In it he discussed the whole Calvinistic scheme without taking the radical attitude of Theodore Parker as to the nature of Jesus Christ.

In studying Channing you are dealing with a subject that culture must reckon with. He lifted the sermon into literature and in his lectures on Napoleon Bonaparte, Milton and Fénelon, he made three great classic contributions to American literature and culture quite aside from his religious relations. No man was ever so elegantly disposed of piecemeal as Napoleon was by the gentle, cultured Channing.

Some thirty or forty years after Milton's death a tract was discovered, perhaps never published, in which he freed his mind on the Trinitarian nature of Jesus Christ, showing that he was practically a Unitarian. This was the occasion for Channing, not to dispose of Milton in a Sunday sermon but to study him profoundly and in a great deliverance make an estimate in a permanent way.

In the study of Channing we have an illustration of the truth of a recent remark by Professor Rauschenbusch: "Say what you will, the preachers and the theological schools are far ahead of their people in *all* the churches." Those who think that the whole machinery of the churches and the preachers might well be thrown into the junk pile had better investigate as to what part they are taking in thought development.

QUESTIONS.

(1) What education and preparation for life did Channing receive?

(2) What caused his interest in anti-slavery?

(3) What famous sermon is deemed the starting point of Unitarianism in America?

(4) What was Channing's place in the intellectual and religious life of America?

Those Willing to Be Counted

Additional names of ministers who are willing to wear the reproach that goes with the word "pacifist," which means peacemaker. (See UNITY, May 10.)

Dear UNITY:—

May I be listed among those who are "willing to be counted"?

None of the reasons that I have thus far seen or heard advanced why this or any other country should be at war impresses me as a sufficient reason. If sufficient reasons there are, such reasons must be secret ones known only to those who sit in the innermost councils of state.

Faithfully,

ABRAHAM CRONLACH,
Associate Rabbi of Free Synagogue, New York City.

Dear UNITY: May 10, 1917.

You may put me down among those willing to be counted.

A few weeks ago, preaching on the flag, I took occasion to announce myself a pacifist, as I have been doing all along, and to say that I could under no circumstances consent to take up arms in warfare. I declared myself a Quaker so far as peace is concerned, and that without any qualifications whatever.

I continue to read UNITY with lively satisfaction, and in these sorry days with gratitude that it is one of the few publications that is keeping the faith in a time of stress.

Sincerely yours,

EDSON REIFSNIDER,
Minister of Third Universalist Church, Cambridge, Mass.

Editor, UNITY:

Following are some names that should be added to your list of those willing to be counted:

Rev. H. Crane (Methodist), Gorham, Maine.
Rev. Leonard Cushman (Unitarian), Medfield, Mass.
Rev. Bot Nyborg (Lutheran), Portland, Maine.
Rev. Charles F. Dole (Unitarian), Jamaica Plain.
Rev. John C. Mortimer (Congregational), Fort Kent, Maine.
Rev. Victor L. Greenwood (Congregational), South Windsor, Conn.
Rev. Elmer W. Serl (Congregational), River Falls, Wis.
Rev. Laurence Somers (Cong.), Pawtucket, R. I.
Rev. Paul H. Drake (Unitarian), Dorchester, Mass.
Rev. Joseph A. Kyle (Unitarian), Davenport, Iowa.
Rev. I. F. Meyer (Indep. Prot.), Columbus, Ohio.
Rev. W. Harris Crook (Cong.), Boston, Mass.
Rev. A. J. Muste (Cong.), Newton, Mass.

There are many more throughout the country with whom I have had correspondence, but I do not recall their names now.

Faithfully yours,

CHARLES R. JOY.

Portland, Maine, May 14, 1917.

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CHICAGO MASS MEETING

A mass meeting under the auspices of a General Citizens' Committee, will be held in the Auditorium, down town, Sunday, at 2:30, to ask for a statement of America's aims and agreements that have been reached between the United States and the Allies. The occasion being the departure of the French and British Commissioners. Speakers—Rev. F. A. Moore, Prof. Robert M. Lovett, Seymour Stedman and others. Musical program.

WHO FINDS THE WAR'S MISSING MEN?

The Good Angel of Europe is not too good a title for the young King of Spain, who makes use of his liberties as a neutral to allay the apprehensions of the families of missing soldiers. One of the latest appeals for his ministrations came from America in a cable dispatch which read: "Our son enlisted as an aviator in British Royal Flying Squadron. He was last seen flying over English Channel on December 4 last. Since then nothing known of him, and he is officially reported as missing. An agonized mother and father appeal to your Majesty to obtain information and relieve their terrible suspense." Immediately upon receiving this message, so says a cable dispatch to the New York *Times*, the King's personal secretary, Señor Don Emilio Maria de Terros, set in motion the machinery of investigation through the Spanish embassy in Berlin. This case, it is asserted, is typical of those being investigated under the personal direction of the King of Spain, a work that constitutes "one of the most stupendous humanitarian" efforts created by the war. The vastness of the work may be judged by some of the results already achieved, as we may here see:

"More than 200,000 cases have been traced, of which 150,000 are disposed of and 50,000 are still under investigation. A great number of soldiers reported 'missing' have been located alive and in prison camps, and thus the agony of suspense has been removed from thousands of homes. In a much larger number of cases, unfortunately, the inquiry has established the death of the missing soldier, while in a still greater number of cases no trace of the missing has been found.

"Besides this, 30,000 civilians in the invaded sections of Belgium and France have been located for their families; 5,000 seriously wounded have been brought back through the King's intercession; forty-four pardons have been granted, of which nearly twenty were death sentences, mostly of women accused of being spies. It is probable Edith Cavell, the famous English nurse executed at Brussels, would have been saved had there been time to carry out the King's efforts.

"This work probably deals with more individual tragedies than any branch of activity created by the war. Pouring in here to the palace by cable, telegraph, and letter, are the pleas of mothers for lost sons, wives for lost husbands, and children for lost fathers and brothers. Each tells a story of terrible suspense. Most of the appeals are from poor people, who write with touching simplicity, and with doubt as to how they should address a king. But the simplicity of the appeals has only stimulated the earnestness of the King's efforts."

The appeals of mothers and children are arranged alphabetically in huge cases, and constitute the most touching feature of the work. Glancing among these appeals, says the correspondent, one could see the agony each one had for some stricken home:

"One French mother wrote the King:

"'I suffer night and day in not knowing what has become of my dear boy, and I would prefer, I believe, the certainty of his death, and of having a tomb where I could go to pray, rather than live in this endless and cruel uncertainty, which consumes me as by a slow fire. It is horrible, Monsieur the King, for the two brothers of this poor boy have already died on the field of honor, and if our last son, Charles, is dead, we have no more sons. A weeping mother puts her supreme hope in your Majesty.'

"A wife made this simple appeal: 'Seigneur, I appeal to your kindness for my husband, missing the 27th September before Souchez.' . . .

"These appeals do not always follow the niceties of diplomatic communications. Some of them are on rough paper bought at the country store, and are in trembling handwriting of old persons. But the King does not see these defects, and his greatest satisfaction is in sending a personal telegram to some mother or child telling of the successful result of his search.

"There are some 150,000 dead and untraceable missing in these palace records—an army greater than Nalopeon's army at Waterloo. To mark the solemnity of these 150,000 cases, the King has placed above the records a gold-framed scroll, a wreath of laurel leaves entwining a cross."

The Literary Digest.

DOES THE WORLD NEED A NEW RELIGION?

The Rev. Henry H. Burch, pastor of Unity Church at Bloomington, Illinois, advertises the following suggestive course of sermons. The topics provoke home reading and individual thinking. We print them for the benefit of the unshepherded sheep of the Unity fold.

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